

Some of these games were well worth watching, especially those in which the representatives from such colleges as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Pennsylvania figured. I must say, though, that even our own little Acadia College might have been able to give a very good account of itself along-side some of these giants, not in base-ball particularly, but in such other contests as jumping, pole-vaulting and running, and it would not be boasting too much to say that the record of these last named contests, might have been eclipsed by some of the men in our own institution.

There is one other thing in the line of recreation which is worthy of mention, and that is the occurrence of the evening of July the Fourth. This is the day of all days to most Americans—a day in which little boys and big boys, young boys and old boys, fat boys and lean boys take a part, and attempt to make all kinds of noises from bursting paper-bags to bombshells. At Northfield, something of course is done each year in the way of making a noise and some amusement. On this particular evening both Americans and Canadians had a share in the proceedings.

Long before seven o'clock had arrived, the people from the town and adjacent communities began to assemble in the spacious Auditorium, eagerly awaiting what was to come. Outside, in front of their respective tents and buildings, the delegations had begun to form up in groups both large and small, each delegation showing by uniforms, ribbons, or flags, the College it represented. The Canadian delegation including students from McGill, Mt. Allison, U. N. B. and Acadia, was given the privilege of being among the first to enter the building. Although our numbers were small compared with some of the other delegations, yet we presented no mean appearance as we all marched in single file, each bearing a branch of maple. The procession was headed by a group of four carrying a life-size British lion with a Canadian flag in his paw. The shouts and cheers of the two thousand people then assembled were almost deafening, as the delegation marched in to the tune of "Soldiers of the King." No sooner were we seated, when from all sides of the building at once it seemed, the students began to pour in, marching and singing until they all at last got "stowed away" safely under the galleries. There were some groups that were more noticeable perhaps, than others. Among these might be mentioned the Yale delegation numbering about one hundred and thirty, the Mt.